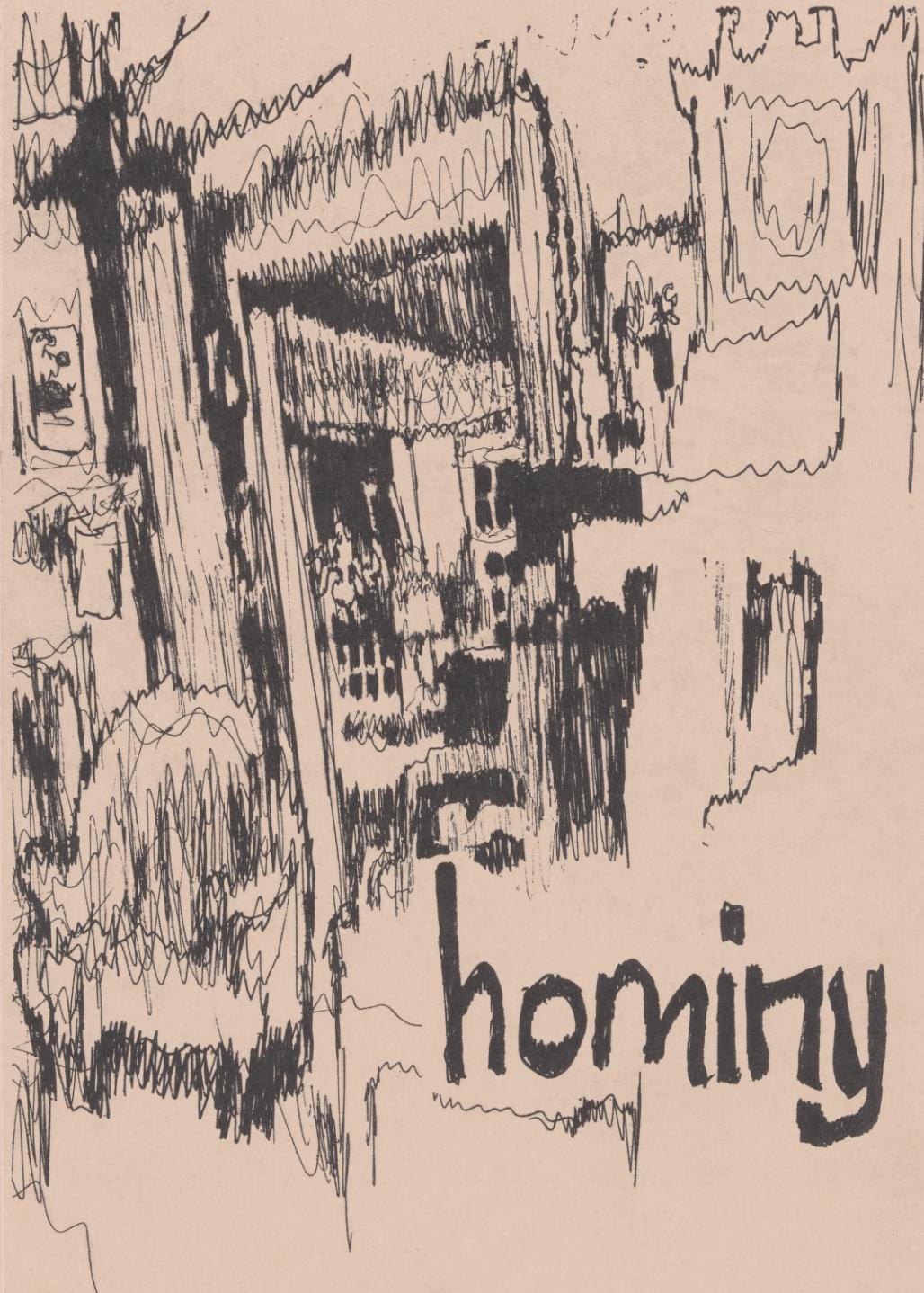
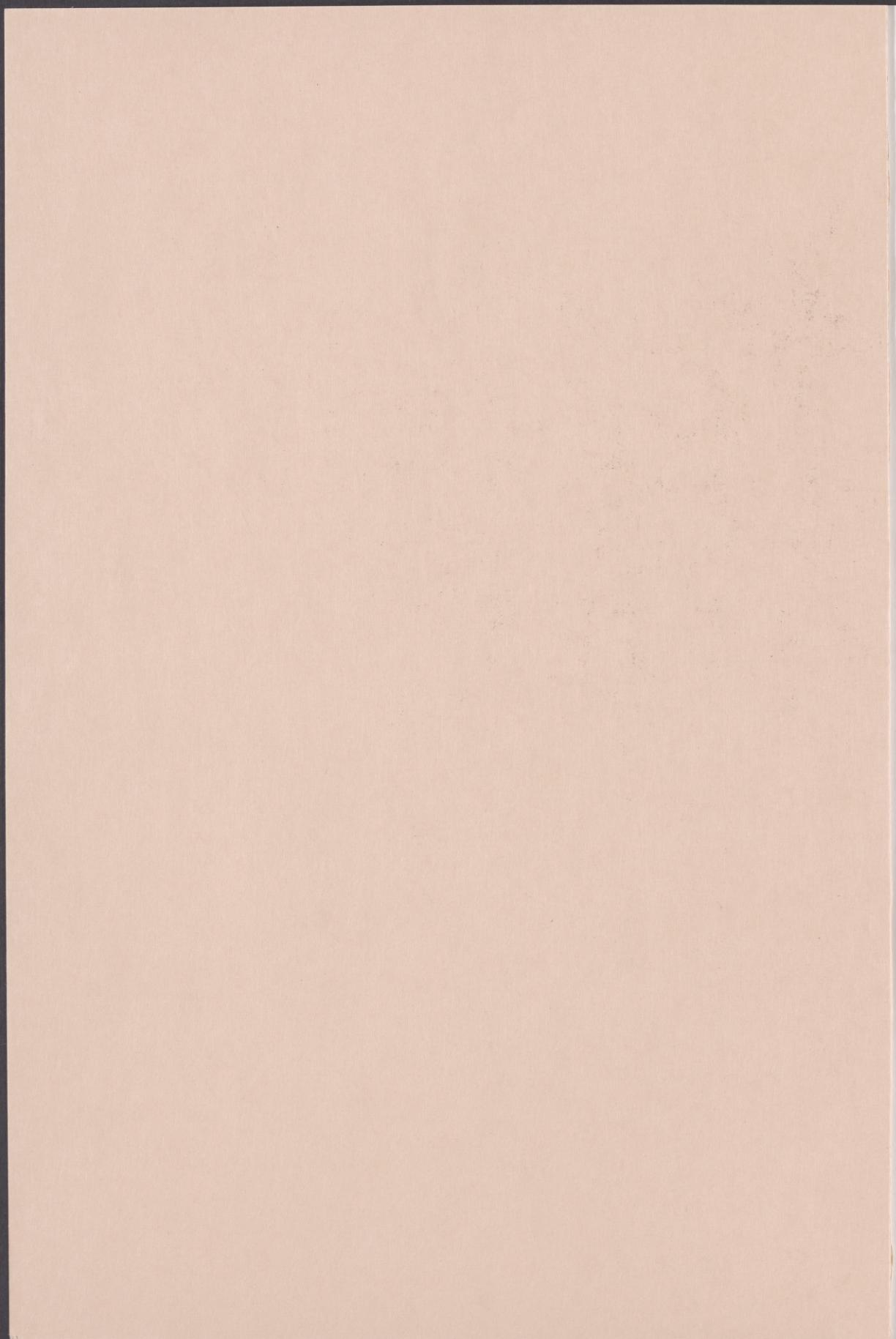


C.5-1971



hominy



HOMINY

Student Writing

Collected and Edited by

Humanities 197.6 - Arthur Weiner

Cover Drawing by Jenny Read

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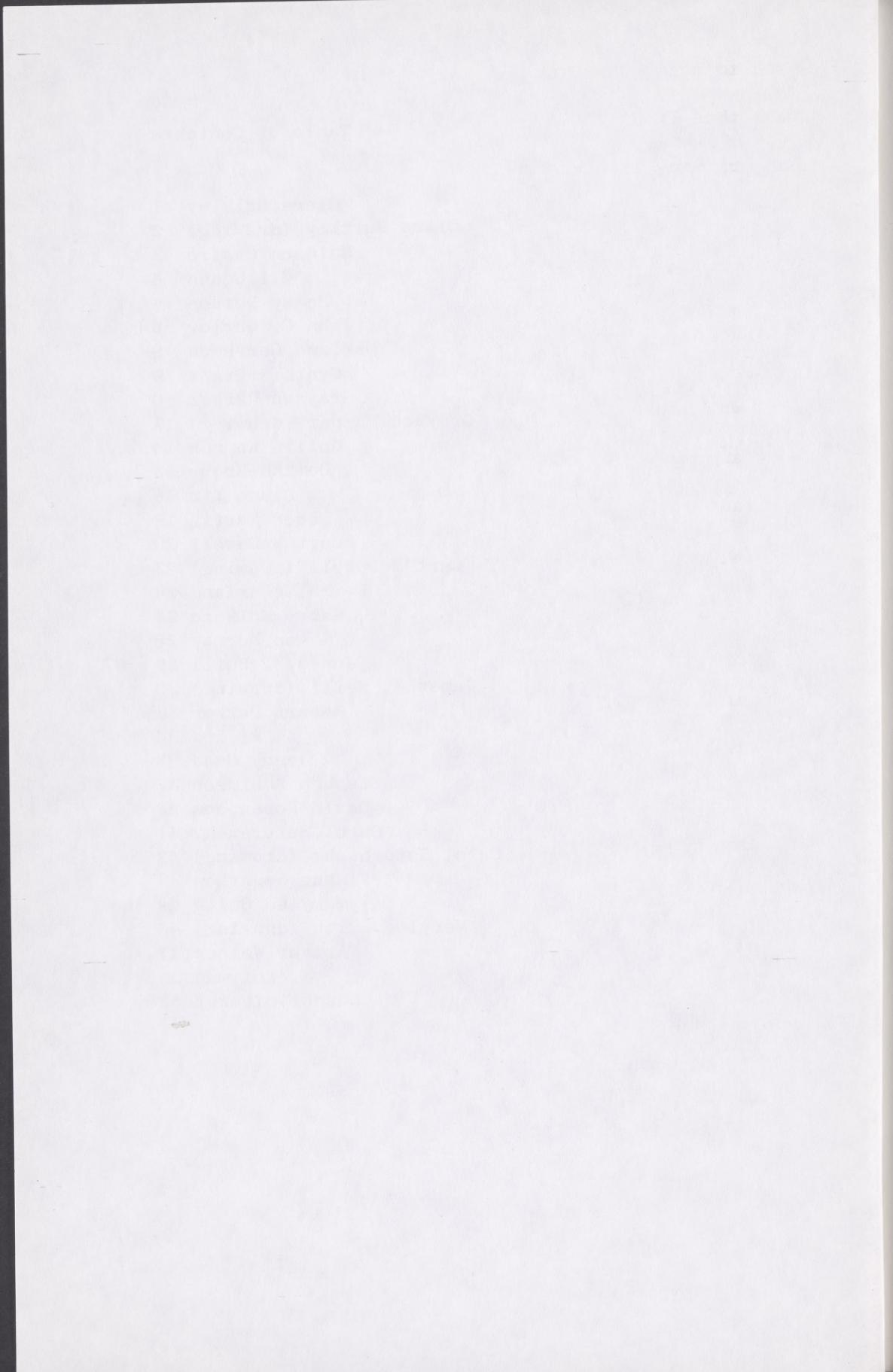
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Table of Contents

Clara Bulkley	1
Clara Bulkley (drawing)	2
Muldoon Castro	3
Gil Cohen	4
Becky Dotson	5
John C. Garlow	6
Marlene Gershman	8
Cynthia Grant	9
Grayson Harper	10
Grayson Harper (drawing)	13
Mollie Katzen	14
Oemhke-Krohe	15
Diana Lin	16
Fred Martin	19
Curt McDowell	20
Curt McDowell (drawing)	23
Kevin McFarland	24
Harry Mulford	26
Ann Murray	28
James M. Neill	29
James M. Neill (drawing)	32
Robert Parker	33
F. Red	34
Jenny Read	36
Stephen Robinson	37
David Rosenbaum	40
Carol Saturensky	41
Carol Saturensky (drawing)	42
Anne Severson	43
Merylee Smith	44
Merylee Smith (drawing)	46
Arthur Weiner	47
J. Weltman	50
Susan Wolbarst	51



Used to be an easy way

Take this line

and write my life across it

sign away years lost is tomorrow

* * * * *

If I walked across Columbus street today in the rain

and my yellow rain slicker hood covered by eyes

and my Japanese umbrella covered my eyes

and a boy stands next to me and I can't see too well

And if, when today I walked across Columbus street

in the rain

If a car came splash! real fast and It didn't want to stop

so it killed me

I might drown in a puddle

-- Clara Bulkley



TO BE CONTINUED

MOM

When he awoke some morning
The Walrus discovered himself
Perched roundly
And very large
Upon the Apocalypse
Whereupon
He striped one tusk red AND
Spotted one tusk blue AND
Came upon his hat AND
Leapt a mile-
Whereupon
With great bravery he
Plugged three new copper bullets
Into a can of beer AND
Passed into his next
Incarnation as
B*I*L*L*Y - T*H*E - K*I*D

Thereafter
On that very spot he
-Ran for mayor of Atlantis,
-Swam the Mare Nebula,
-Invented three planets, AND
-Chased Bull Durham out of Tombstone
Whereupon
Between a cast of thousands
And the deep blue sea
He watched his iridescent thoughts AND
Applauded at all the right spots AND
Ate a comet AND
Roared down a nightmare AND
Danced with the Furies AND
Gave up the Ghost AND-

You haven't heard much of him yet;
But one of these days
He'll set the world on fire.

-- Muldoon Castro

MOM

Mom oh mom
 come look and see
I've got a car
 I've got what you don't want me to
have.
 Hide it from Dad
 and I'll shock the hell out of him
may father's protector
 hide me from him
protect us all
 life is what you dreamed
 don't be guilty
 your husband is rich
Spend the money it's for you
 don't hide that you love it
 you are an artist
 and I am your dream
I'm dad's dream too
 I won't hurt him
we all love what you do
 it makes you happy
 do it
 to more
 you aren't deserting us
 you aren't guilty
your house is clean
 you are right about my car
I'm spoiled
 don't worry you can afford
 me

-- Gil Cohen

Starched onto an uncomfortable bench
i sat
quietly because i couldn't cry
why did i sign
the white book?
in memory of
why are all these people here?
getting up earlier
than the sun to sing until
her eyes applauded
turn off the music
no one is really going to - listen
ye though i walk through
the shadow of death
followed me.

i breathed outside the
black limosine carried her to
a machine-made hole
exactly six feet she was
very small and sang low
low, lower the body
down carefully
carefully God Damn don't kill her

CONFRONTATION WITH THE DOWNTOWN PEACE
COALITION

in the jungle they talk about love
the drums beat and you do it

a peace button - the middle
always seems like the soundless
space in an explosion

what do you look at when you're
at a drive - in movie with a woman
in the back seat of your car

Peace, ah! peace, ah!

make it and you can say you
helped create something

for a white dove on a blue
background there is no sin

so why pay 25¢

3rd GRADE MARX

person place or thing
i don't think that any
person place or thing
needs capitalization

-- John C. Garlow

TO CARLOS WHERE EVER HE MAY BE

was it good?
i had to look back for that one...
to cold mornings with
hot water from a tea kettle
to an old indian grandmother
pasting my chest with vick's
to a three room house and
a family or four
and so
flash! a scene from pennybacker's
(is that his name)
don't look back
don't tell me and don't ask me
the bus passes and you look
back at yourself standing there
if you squeeze a nut in
a nutcracker you can get
to the meat
i don't know what that means
but i was once held up
waiting for the n judah
by black men stalking for gazelle
i am a hunter too
grabbing meat that's hanging
from a bone and hot from the fire
the taste
is it good?
was it good?

---- John C. Garlow

his people
Cringing and cramped
into crawling cattle cars
the chosen people
Chosen for what
the smell of seeping gas
from death soiled shower stalls
the smell of a mother's vomit
as she slays her child
to sheild it against the world's
mad man
who raped her sister
and ravaged her home
the sight of old Men
who cry for their beards
and pray for Him
who led them there
bent backs and aching minds
black coats
praying for Him,
the Judas goat.

They passed the Maot Hittim*
and the poor fell on their knees
and prayed
and thanked
and were shot
while the Jews moaned
the Jews laughed
and they
passed the Maot Hittim

*money passed
among the poor
during passover
and holy days

-- Marlene Gershman

WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A CITY: Part 1

What can you say to a city
that smells like the inside of somebody's mouth?
Where a hunchback can get his hunch
caught in a streetcar door
before your very eyes;
Where sad and once beautiful ladies
stop wearing watches thinking they can fool themselves
if not the world.

In the streets, the people chant "Hare Krishna,"
"Come Back to God," "Buy This" and
"If You Don't Like It, Lump It."

What can you say to a city
that smells like the inside of somebody's mouth?
You can say good-bye.

WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A CITY: Part 2

A bus walks up and farts right in my face.

Standing on a little rock island

a blackman with flowers and feathers in his hat

Waves bye-bye to the people on the streetcar
for the sheer pleasure of blowin' their minds.

-- Cynthia Grant

I got out and started walking home. I
said "Hello, Sonny" to
the young attendant who
was carrying a tray of
coffee cups.

"Put your coffee in my name," I said.
"Hello, Sonny," he said.

"Put your coffee in my name," I said.
"Hello, Sonny," he said.

"Put your coffee in my name," I said.
"Hello, Sonny," he said.

"Put your coffee in my name," I said.
"Hello, Sonny," he said.

"Put your coffee in my name," I said.
"Hello, Sonny," he said.

Excerpt from FAMILY REUNION

Slap.

"Gotcha," said Sonny Sherman.

He put the flyswatter down by his chair and took another sip of orangeade. A car was coming over the rise. The sun made it look like red wine bubbling away. To Sonny Sherman--who was sitting in a rickety, straw-bottom chair, leaning back against the side of Sherman's Texaco, reading the latest copy of "Super EgoThor Action Comics" -- it looked like a huge bottle of red wine shimmering in the sun. He watched as it slowed down and pulled up to one of the pumps. He kept watching as if in a trance as five more cars began to draw up in a tight line, then cut across the divider and pull up to his station, which was in the middle of nowhere. Or nearly nowhere.

"Well, I'll be shitted," Sonny Sherman mumbled to himself, and forgot all about Super EgoThor as he skipped out to where the wine bottle was waiting. As he did this, the bottle exploded on every side and people started pouring out. In fact, people were coming from everywhere, stretching and gaping, looking around at the flat prairie, the windmill cranking lazily in the distance. They were an odd assortment to Sonny who was running around frantically trying to help them all at once. Most of them were over fifty, dressed up on a weekday. Men in blue suits, green suits, gold suits, fine Stetson hats, polished boots of red, tan and gold. The ladies wearing mostly the same dress, only different colors that all seemed to clash. Hair was piled up, every color but natural, stiff with sprays. And faces--except a few, like Aunt Lilian's and Grandmer's--painted with lots of red rouge. Most were thinking of restrooms. Others thought of soda pop or water or Toms peanut butter crackers, and all went off in various directions in search of individual quests.

I got out and stretched and when Grandmer emerged, she spied the young attendant and called out, "Hellow, sonny," to which he replied, "Why, hello ma'am, how'd you know my name?"

Grandmer stopped.

"I don't know you're name," she said, wondering if there was something she had already forgotten.

"But you called me by my name."

"Well," she replied, "If I did, I certainly didn't know it. I merely said hello."

"No ma'am. You said 'hello, Sonny,' an' that there's my name."

"Hello Sonny?"

"No ma'am. Jus' th' Sonny part. That there's my name."

"Oh yes, yes. Well, hello, Sonny!" She laughed right out loud, and so did Aunt Fran and Aunt Lilian, both holding

onto their purses and each other, singing in unison, "Hello, Sonny!" And went off to the Ladies laughing and giggling.

Sonny watched them and mumbled, "I'll be shitted," then to Otto, said, "C'n I he'p ye, mister?"

"Fill it," Otto replied without looking at him, and he pulled out a piece of kidskin and started wiping off the windshield.

When Grandmer came back she said, "You live around here, Sonny?"

"Yes'm, right chonder," and pointed at a little white cottage barely visible.

"Where's that?" Grandmer asked.

"Well, it's in Cool."

"Cool?"

"Yes'm. It's a town."

Grandmer squinted.

"I don't see any town."

"Well, yes'm, there's a town there, but nobody lives there. If you watch real careful, you'll maybe see a little white sign that says 'Cool' on it an' th' population right under it."

"What's the population?"

"Well, as I said b'fore, there ain't really nobody livin' there---not in th' city limits. They give th' population as bein' 'round ninety-four. But them's mainly ranchers an' tenents that live aroun' out here."

"Why do they have a town if nobody lives in it?" said Grandmer.

"For th' gov'ment, I reckon. You know. Census, taxes, FBI, Army. Jus' so's they'll know they's somebody out here."

"You said you live in Cool."

"Yes'm I did. Akshully, my daddy an' me don't live in Cool either. We live 'bout fifteen yards from th' city limits. Nobody really lives in th' town."

"Well, surely there's something there--something that makes it a town. Maybe a townhall where cattlemen can meet to discuss their problems."

"Oh, yes'm, well, we been doin' that a lot. Fact, they was a meetin' t'other day over th' drought. Then somebody got aroun' to askin' why in heck do we have a town if nobody lives there. An' Juke Boakman, who's a big talker 'round here, said somebody down at th' state capitol's makin' a big profit off'n them signs."

"What signs?"

"Them signs like that one that says 'Cool' an' gives th' population. Ol' Juke says them signs cost thirty-five bucks apiece. Says they been puttin' 'em up all over th' place--puttin' town where there ain't no towns, an' chargin' us for 'em."

Grandmer squinted.

"I sure don't see your townhall from here."

"Oh, well, no ma'am, I reckon not. It ain't in th' town either. It's akshully just a tabernacle down by Myrtle's Creek clear back the other way. There ain't anything in th' town."

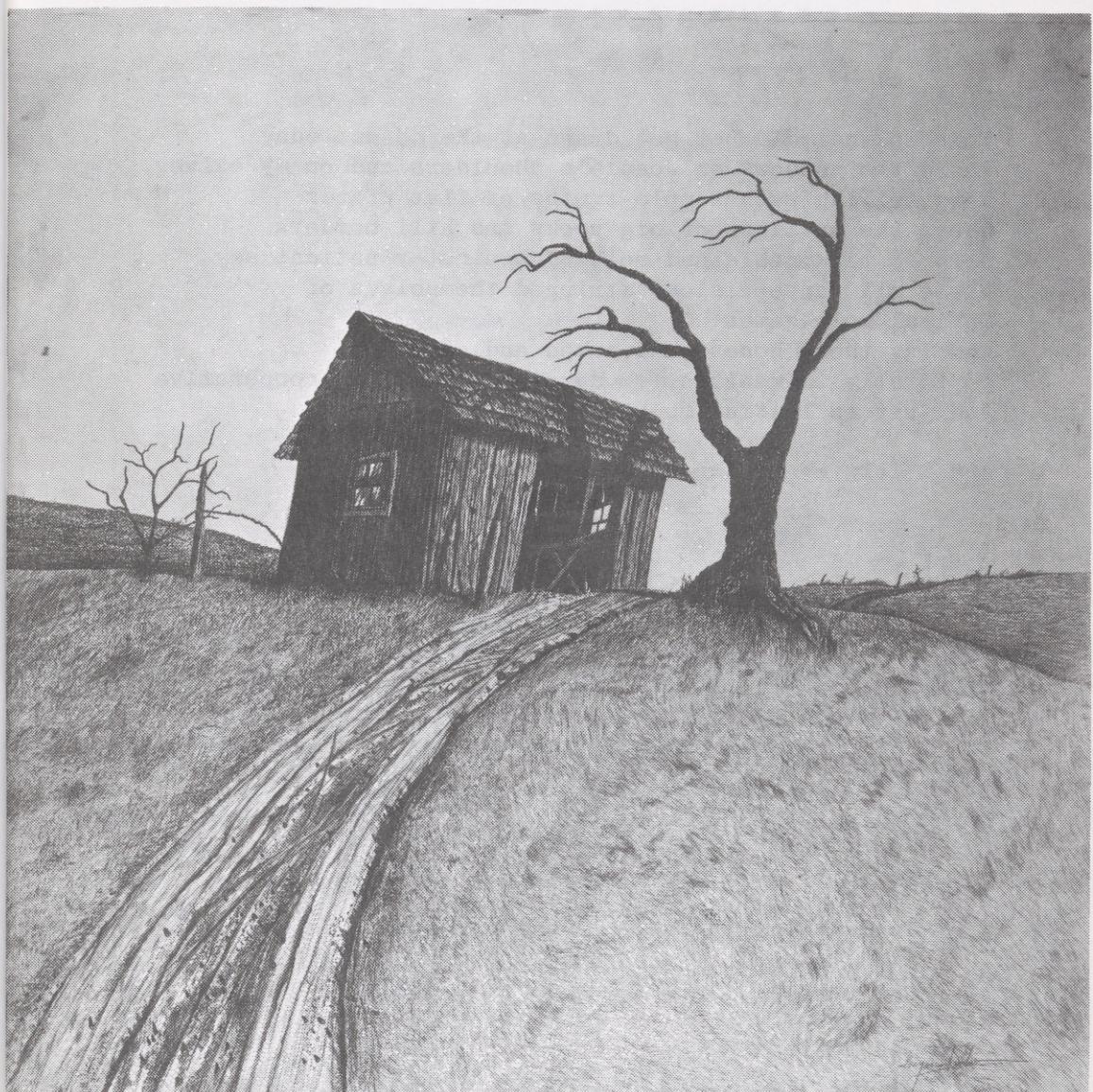
"Are you looking after things today?"

"Yes'm, my Daddy's feelin' kinda puny today. He left me in charge."

As he looked at the well-dressed lady with white hair, high cheekbones and sparkling brown eyes, Sonny smiled and said, "Would you like an orangeade, ma'am? It's on th' house.

-- Grayson Harper.

Grayson Harper - Drawing



New England is a treat when in Marin on California-
Route-One is a treat when in Upstate New York is
a treat when alone on a Sunday evening going down
is a treat when back home with the People is a treat
when apart and feeling the growing pains is a treat
when thinking that you could've stopped long ago and
never come even this far.

* * * * *

This is what did not get drawn at the ocean today
Where the shadows on Joanie's shoulders and on my calves,
Were telling such simple truths of flat planes
Where the outlines of big rocks and hill borders
Were so reasonable and relaxed against a patient sky
Where all these visions stripped themselves of
Optical role-games
And lay there honest and naked and open
So totally themselves, so dark-and-light, so cooperative
And just so letting me see them

And I left my sketch book home.

-- Mollie Katzen

BUTTERFLY/SAUSAGE/McQUEEN ELEGY

Links upon links

Of butterfly sausage

Chains of slavery

Mad dog's freedom

a sinking ship, filled upon filled

of all the reeking smells

and striped pants mean something

pressed bodies

bodies pressed into service

the bodies of a king

brown sweat

furrowed brows lined with

crystal

women's furrows smell of the

crystal

and the dog of a king sits

and waiting for his butterfly

sausage

--- Oemhke-Krohe

nineteen years
through a pathless garden

between milky carnations
over the cradle
and black primroses
on the grave

how pink the dried orchid years
and thorny
that horny first rose
how the calyx of colours
camouflaged the pistil
while the stigma invited
the flighty grain

those holy wholesome days
birthday blooms
bleeding white blood and
white nuns in mourning
in fields on altars
in silver tinsel clay

daisies in promiscuity
in streets hair hands knees
among beads of
hue and dew
with sunlight speeding
among the morning tears
and nighttime fragrance
fuming basements where
yellow grains are scattered

growing poison mushrooms in the sky
you and
I

am thankful
accordingly

no flowers grow
on a gardenless path

--- Diana Lin

Father:

With your white lips
and white face
you say to me go
and live a white lie
because that is what you are
to your 300 odd limbs

With your white limbs
in your white Mercedes 300S
you mock the monolith
with shots of other-than-tea and
other-than-wives and
modes other-than-Mandarin collars
in your white mind and

your white eye
cloth other-than-yellow bodies
bleaching your own
and pitching it above (so you think)
the 300 odd yellow limbs
that cringe to white slime
exuding from your
white lips that

sip white wines in toast
to the sweat and slime
from meagre ricebowls while

with your white other-than-rice
you entice your white belly
and mine
on Sunday noons in
white-tablecloth places

because you think (perhaps)
that families should dine together
sometimes and while

you are toasting in lobbies or
enticed by other-than-wives (so nicely)
to the beat of jet propellers)
our orphaned Susan
grinds to the lazy tunes
of a headless meal

and while you
shift and shuffle and ride and side and
pride in white games

on her white sheets
a mateless yellow body
sizzles for her flagrant mate and

on white streets
within white cement walls
this yellow body
and other-than-yellow mind
bred from your generous seed
writes in other-than calligraphy
eats with other-than chopsticks
and knows the way
in other-than the Way.

-- Diana Lin

We saw a range of far, cloudy citadels, vast and distant in the empyrean. Their color was of white gold floating on the turquoise sea of eternal time; they were the shining reflection of dark and multitudinous desert peaks, themselves adrift, purple, black, edged with silver haze on a timeless sea of sand.

--beyond Isfahan

(and I dreamed:

of an arabesqued mirror, of shape octagonal or more, pulsing, with the cubic Zoroastrian Fire-Tower at the center.)

--in Teheran

(and I read:

of America in a magazine and in a Teheran book store, Paris Match and Altamont. I saw in her mirror a pandemonium, a Titanic grinding on the ice while her passengers cavort and sing, the cacaphony of a nation in torment, in birth and death--where each event must be judged, each dicision tested with a sense of the whole, of openness, of history, and of respect.

--over the deserts of Afghanistan

-- Fred Martin

DEAR TED

I wish to hell you were here, ted
beer, ted
queer ted.
my nose sits under the lilacs, ted
my ears wait down by the traffic, ted
my feet walk crooked on the track ties, ted,
and sometimes,
I wonder what they did with our three-cornered shed.

I miss those nights walking,
snow on our heads,
and though we both got weary of the winter
I relive now those stops in the doors
those forts from the wind
those cigarettes you wore
in a chain around your life.

Your wife, dear ted,
if the Middle-west permitted
and the two of us committed ourselves, good ted.
remember too late?
remember too early?
remember when the fat babb flapped on the shore?
how about the time mary pissed on your coat
or the boat that we stole from the campus police?
don't forget frieda
don't forget frankie
and don't, dear ted, forget me.

2

I wish to hell you were here, ted
clanking your spoon in your coffee cup, ted.
my nose sniffs gently round your nicotine fingers
and your clandestine energy lingers,
and lingers.

how many walks did we take, dear ted?
how many times did we talk?
omigod
omigod
we could've talked till we couldn't
and the snow-covered tracks had to
listen to us crunch.
had to listen to our dreams.
had to listen to our hopes, and a hunch about the shed.

3

I wish to hell you were here, ted
or I was there, a time ago,
propped up,
in your bed
reading musty smells.
needing trusting man/words telling me I'm me, ted
telling me I'm me, and
selling me some truth.

4

Your front gold tooth
a vinyl booth, pink, and often crowded.
I am proud
but not allowed to shout the name of ted, ted
the dead will hear and scorn us
the living take up mourning for us
keep it quiet on the bus
and shout to raging winds.

5

your room,
a room of trash and rats
your basement lit with candles
your kitchen fills with piles of rocks
and on your porch,
you sit,
silently sinking,
emotions filling with holes.

I cried into your lap, ted, and
smiled into your chest.
I pouted in my pillow, and
wondered where
the card party shed
the beer party shed
our first home-away-from-home three cornered shed
had gone.

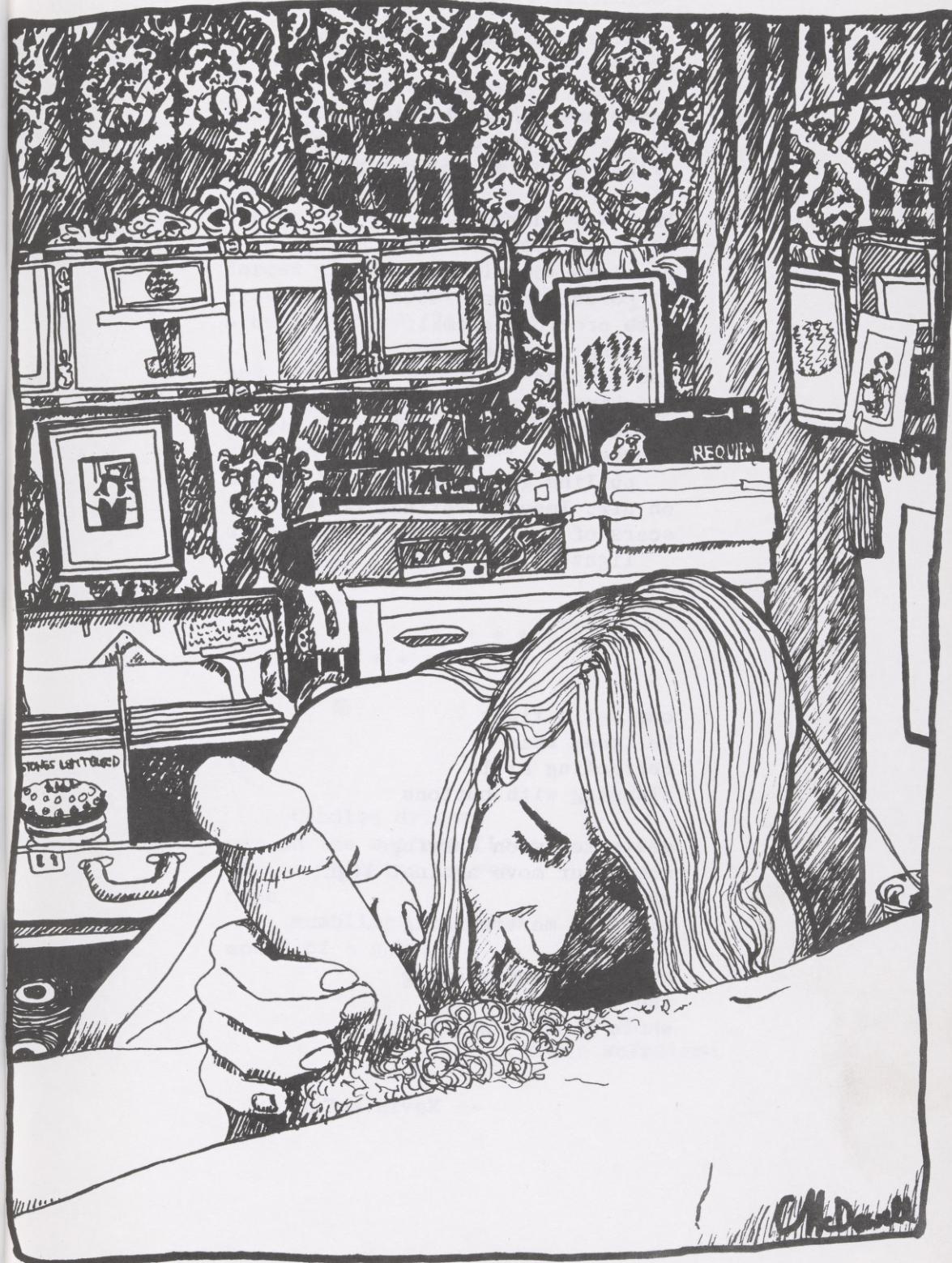
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Now the thoughts of you
and the smells I see
and the times that I've felt like a man minus ted
make me wish like hell
for the things that'r gone---
My ted and our three cornered shed.

-- Curt McDowell

Oh Christ it was wet
and the sweat making noise
as she toyed with the head of my prick.
"Suck it, you wench,"
I said, cause I knew
what she wanted to hear, and her slick
lips slipped to the base.
I held her head
then touched her face
then pinched her nipples hard.
"Oh Christ," she said
as the wet sweat poured,
and she slid off, sucking in air,
"I want to get you there."

--- Curt McDowell



CASABLANCA, A STORY

moisture curling on
smoke,
 where crooks make
Knife sounds/playing
cards, selling deals/pulling
grins, glancing shadows

Post War odors of
fiendish desire!
careless memories
of porcelain sex rooms
with precious animals
barking silence
and echoes/
speaking french
 leaving ropes in
stories
 pulling guns drawn
on air, leaving retinal
scars of
 light

* * * * *

our sails tight
balloony skin
reflecting hills
slapping with buttons

delicate swoon carvings
make your move against light
and
waves of me trembling

grass between roaring
and
whole Kinetic stillness

-- Kevin McFarland

IDEA FOR SCIENCE FICTION FILM

Thrown off their feet
by the impact of the collision
we regain our balance and
take a look at the receding earth.

"Looks like an illustration out
of my old geography book" Comments
single O. Baltimore smuked and
concentrated on landing.

As the explorers enter a
forest glade strange modular
growths tower above them and
a curious bird flies above.

A jungle sky shifts
and slides on waves of
hypngogic lotion.
Single O repeats his name.
strange skeletal frame
a mood forgotten
under water
eyes turn and sink
like dying planets.

* * * * *

1957

Candles dripped
wax on the rectory floor
and me thinking it was
some
mumbleings from the
mouth of a saint

-- Kevin McFarland

WORK IN PROGRESS -- Harry Mulford

then there was the matter of my madness
it was of not much importance
but nevertheless a matter that had to be dealt with

it was on the morning of the 29th of May that I went mad
a few minutes after eight
I was drinking tea and having my first cigarette of the day
when suddenly without warning I went mad
it was most annoying
I had planned a full day of so many things to do
and then there was a concert that evening
of course I missed it
I could not finish my tea which I had been enjoying
although I refused to put my cigarette out
I sat there smoking watching my tea grow cold
my whole day had been spoiled

after I finished my cigarette I got up
washed out the teacup emptied the ashtray
and set the table straight with the chair
I locked my self in my room and pulled the blind
found a comfortable chair and settled my self
to study in detail the cracks on the wall

there must have been a week of tiresome knocking
before they broke down the door
which ruined all the patterns in the air
they insisted I go with them
I really did not want to go but they insisted
so to be nice I went with them

they gave me a room which was smaller than mine
and the air currents were all wrong
I stood in the center of the room and waited
but it did not help
I missed my room

I studied the room for a week or two
before I discovered the ceiling
it was covered with little holes framed by lines
I could only appreciate it properly when lying down
first I tried the floor
but after two days I realized that was wrong
the air was not moving in the right direction
from the floor but lying on the bed
I found was much better
the holes with the air moving around them
gave me the most contented feeling I had had in years
I wondered why I had not gone mad before

FRAGMENTS -- Harry Mulford

I was born lived died in one day
as the sun moves across the heavens
my life fled from the moment of creation
to re-creation

I am	dawning and dawn
(amazement)	all the world rushes me
(wonder)	my only defence
I am	EA! EA! EA!

I have	sunrise
within my hands	the world observes
I grasp	I hold tightly
and hold	my hand within my hand
I have	my weapon

from dark caves beneath the earth
I rise to soar over the earth
rise in childhood
grow strong in youth manhood
wise in old age and with understanding
and knowledge I sink beneath the earth
into dark caves to be born again
below me run the gods near gods
and mortals

* * * * *

I heard a song
 a wild song
winging through the night
that was long ago
 and children
ran and laughed to a rusty bell
calling the recess end

I stayed
and found an empty swing hugging
the damp ropes while a winter rain
fell softly

 stayed late after school
and ran home chased by several boys
Mother had gone to the hospital again
and cried myself to sleep again

UNIMPORTANT

I won't tell you
of my love.
It is only an old story.

God you offer me
eternal life and happiness.
I think you're teasing,
again.

I spoke to God
and told him I was ready.
I looked up and opened my eyes.
All I could see was the ceiling.

O Chris, see
how plain reality is?
Now try to sing with me.

ON A RATIO OF 1 TO 10

It is approximately
beautiful.

DRINK YOUR DESPAIR SLOWLY, RITA

Drink your despair slowly, Rita,
it's all you'll have till dinner time.
There's miles and miles of nothing out there
and one day Rita found it.

So she sat down and laughed for awhile.
"Finally I won't be so hungry anymore," she said.
"I've got all the nothing my stomach can hold.
There's miles and miles of ain't out there
and God, you lead me to it.
Thank you Lork, now at least I can stop looking."

So she sat down and wept for awhile.
"Finally I won't be so hungry," she said.
"Hope always seemed such an unetable thing,
but spread over a piece of ain't,
it won't be so bad."

-- Ann Murray

Harlequin touched me!
Melancholy; tearful; shy
Picasso clad and sadly pensive...
Demurely dreaming....
Thinly

speaking eyes
That self-accuse and weep;
Knowing not the why of weeping
Wh?!

Because.
The lonely seem to never know the source of tears.
(He was homosexual
and forty-five
and I screamed inside
and ran.)
To Seventh
(Thank God) only...
Quick

Down
Market
Eternal circus
I despise;
Abhor...
And walk down barely breathing
For the horrors
Of the living there....

A Dwarf pursued me
"Buddy can you spare a dime?"
Comes club-foot tripping
Monster midget head on shoes
That Dietrich lacking
Dance

and
Minnie Mouse clumsy
Ballerinas around
My shuddering step....
Great playing-card-face
Wearing

Lautrec eyes
That leer grotesquely
Selling
Himself
The God-made
Freak.....That he was.

Sick, I run to flee
The milling bête noires of the street....
And bump
Into the Clown
Great-Wide-Mouth
Red-Mouth
Perpetual-painted handout smile..
Diamond outline eyes
That lie
To Children...
There is
 no sad song there!
Beyond the rubber and the rouge
Cystic eyes
Sparkle-dim and yellow
Eyes consumed by liquor; syphlis...fear
Costumed clever idiot
Out to win another beer
Trooping inanely.....The worlds insane!

A screaming monkey
Shark teeth screaming
Nostrils wide
 And screaming
Echoes of my screams inside
Black
 and clutching
Stretching
Half-wit child
Screaming!.....

Ugly.....
All of them!.....
And because they are...
I am afraid...
For ugly terrifies.....
Don't touch me!.....
How can you live
Being
 What you are?

How can you live
Not being what you aren't?
How
Can you
Live at all?....
No! Don't answer!
Your words will touch me!

Don't touch me!

* * * * *

You
Did not care enough to keep
The fragil snowflake of our dream...
And pride refuses
Men to weep
I can not cry.
But stunned I go
And, Scarlett going
Down the street
I will think about it...
Tomorrow.

-- James M. Neill

James M. Neill - drawing



what falls which way
up
down
to catch the wind

* * *

plates on sounds of hands
in water
sounds of time pass
the lights won't go off
who said the sun always sets

* * *

courage takes time
no thought passes
set the sails
we're off
what colour is the sky?
a slight tint of laughter

* * *

how many chairs in the world?
Butterflies sit on leaves
why am I so big?

* * *

the time when all is new-
colours laugh
as people see
a windmill, green with sound
when all is new

* * *

return to empty
but the sun is out
what a fine day
when will you return

* * *

transparent
clouds see new and
old

-- robert parker

There go those bells again, this time I'm on the wrong side, bad side, on the street toes waiting for a way to point, where the hell is the car; must be going mad a memory can't go that fast, too many of the wrong things don't stunt your growth, just where the hell is the car the next morning. Damn wind, hate the wind cutting my face and hands to ribbons enough to make you cry. There she is poor green bitch got to be a woman old as she is only the paint's saved her none of that other crap about 'good o'l girl' just the paint. Come on lock, unlock, it's me, It's alright you can relax, thank you. Christ what a smelly mess, sunbaked, smells of bad years, food, cigarettes; smell of Doggie Dinners hiding somewhere being cooked for the thousandth time. I like to be here when it rains clean and safe somehow, but today I remember all the garbage under the seats, the shiny pennies buried in all that god knows what came here to die. Somehow we share that shiny things under the dust, shiny metal under old whores paint new if it were seen, but old hearts. Come on heart start, go, go, ah, sound so sick today sorry no worry, no more weight under my eyes; but I think about you, wonder how that great steel heart can explode suck, explode suck, how many years, best forgotten, sad now but no worry, please. There's that noise again only when we're moving though I don't even hear anymore really, just tune it out like voices without words, you can't tell me so why listen or do you try?

Look out what the hell's he think he's doing out there

trying to get killed, what the hell are you doing in here, going someplace, but out there? Oh go to hell. Where are we going anyway, oh yes I remember well maybe the same place after all; I hate this wish I were on the other side of those bells doing my work, what do they want now, guys thumb yelling for a ride, sorry man I'm not going that way, guilt, Can't go everybody's way, look at that 50,000 miles already it can't be that long ago, that many sad places, haven't we ever been happy together? Wow got to do something about that knock in the right front before it's nose under and that's all she wrote, that knock through my foot up my leg to where all that worry lies, no pennies here just the rot, when was that, 15 years ago before I shit that shiny thing and didn't look back how can you miss it, but it was gone, when did you first notice the complaint? Well it falls apart and you put it back together, how many times explode suck, sounds better now, and if the whiskey don't get you the wondering will, almost there again, down the hill that it breaks, up again poor clutch how many times, spin slam spin slam, it's got to end sometime somewhere, but when? Now to park you rest you, if I survive I'll be back if not well someone will find you, here now o.k. lock back on guard make it harder, see you later.

-- F. Red

I stand in the doorway
On one leg with my eyes closed,
Like a crane after a long flight
Very still save one feather
Waivering next to the nostril . . .
And if both legs folded
And elbows tucked into warm
Gurgling paunch
And head nestled down
In down there would be nothing
But sleep.

* * * * *

They could tell by her voice
that she had taken off her clothes.
But they spoke lightly,
politely waiting down beach
while she swam ashore;
though the moon left no shadows
she did not care,
she did not care
they would not share
the waves.

* * * * *

no more ums,
from now on, um,
you (underline you)
must, um,
must decide
with confidence.
golden rule simplified:
try harder
not to hurt others.

* * * * *

The World came to
an end.
Her life like a French film,
insane, anxious, burdened,
rushing into the sea . . .
But at the end
Hell was over
And she came to grasses and warblers
And rested in the warmth of the sun.

-- Jenny Read

HOOKS, A PARTIAL DEFINITION
or
WHAT CHA GOT IN THE BOX, PANDORA

Hook - 2 types; to catch and to hold

Probably first introduced to humanity as a forked twig - used to catch fish. When times grew lean, a barb was added.

This is the other kind - to hold; as security against a fall

every possible prehensile organ you have can
be
a hook

she spoke to me with eyes that knew only crying
Could I do it? I knew I could -----
but only with a year's supply of magical
trinkets and
a bottle
of visions

(Who is that other one - the one who climbs into
his artist's pose
soooo del-i-cate-ly)

"What do you mean: incomprehensible masterpiece?
Tell that fool to stop playing with himself."

Yes ----- I expect little illuminations from other sources but don't expect anything but misguided love in return.

i.e. Most days the sun shines, if that means anything to you.

----- So much for the sermon to the blind.

Hooks - to hold

discipline - the power of self mastery
or self mystery revealed

"You'll have to wait until the expedition returns for the weightier part of this tract.
Where's my horse?"

Oh, yes

Hooks - to hold

the one you see before you, a curious
artifact of our portable, exportable (transient)
culture, was last used to hold a hammock
imported from either Mexico or Taiwan
although the money the workless earned
was probably the same

Yes - now it's beginning to drag, can't run
like this forever - smoke too much

Alright, there's too much excess going
on here!
(just another shot)

"No, no, my dear, words are not hooks, they're nets,
webs."

"Looks are hooks & words are webs."

Back to the point ----

hooks - to hold

Ah yes inflection IN-FLEC-TION. Take that
into account. We'll have you back together in no time
Quick someone's at the door.

Hooks ----

"We're almost thru the desert now, captain."
"Good, how many survivors?"
"Only you, captain."

Hooks ----

By which whole netloads of slaves were
packed into the suffocation holds of ships with
such names as Welfare State.
It would've been simpler to use legirons but
then they're not known for their humanity.

Now what do you think would happen
to this glorious sunfilled city if it were
suddenly invaded by a whole fleet of
phantom cable cars & electric busses at rush hour
or whatever mass migration time is
called here.

But that's another lecture
another class
another time...

Hooks ----

Adolescence - that funny bone of the heart
I spent years of it hanging by a
rope on the side of a cliff just looking
"Shall we take them to the museum, sir,
to show them
where the tongues are hooks
and the smiles hide lies
where the eyes are hooks
but the soul cries?
where..."
"No, Jives, that won't be necessary, drive on."

Hooks - to catch; to hold ---- Hooks, hooks, hooks
hooks,
HOOKS

Of the magical metal you've twisted
may it all come undone
May the bodies bent & downcast
turn their faces to the sun
By the spirit forces within me
this be done, this be done
And the power of wind and rain and earth and flame
be sung, be sung, be sung and sung

-- Stephen Robinson

PART THREE - SUMMER - WOODSTOCK

I was once allowed to see into the future. I saw that mankind had evolved into two differnt peoples. One race lived in the mountains and forests. They ran naked and were covered with hair. They never spoke, nor thought any statement. They only felt. The other lived below the earth, in offices. They made policy for the forest people. Centuries before they had lost the ability to feel.

Here at Woodstock, I can feel both races struggling within me - I can see both struggling around me. The forest people are rejoicing in their numbers; the office people are afraid. An office woman is trying to sell me a glass of water... A forest girl is inviting me to smoke grass with her. I am really not sure which I need more - to forget my thirst, or to drink.

--- David Rosenbaum

Does a breath of hashish
really change anything?
One can really never tell.
There is just this very
floaty feeling I hadn't felt
in my body too much
before now of tonight.
It's kind of nice. It seems
to tell me that there is
really a more leavening
way of coping with reality
than the one I normally employ.
Is it not nice to pass
through time as an arrow
or a lilting breeze?
(through space)
How I have plummeted up
and down, in and out
through gravity and reality
levels...very hard hits.
How many temporal
climax in this life?
(like getting born)

* * * * *

The moon is in Lemon today,
With Hawaiian Punch rising:
The moon is in Passion Fruit
When she is full;
The moon is not in Space
The moon is in Jello
And we are in the middle of the bowl
Will someone please turn on the fluorescent lights?

* * * * *

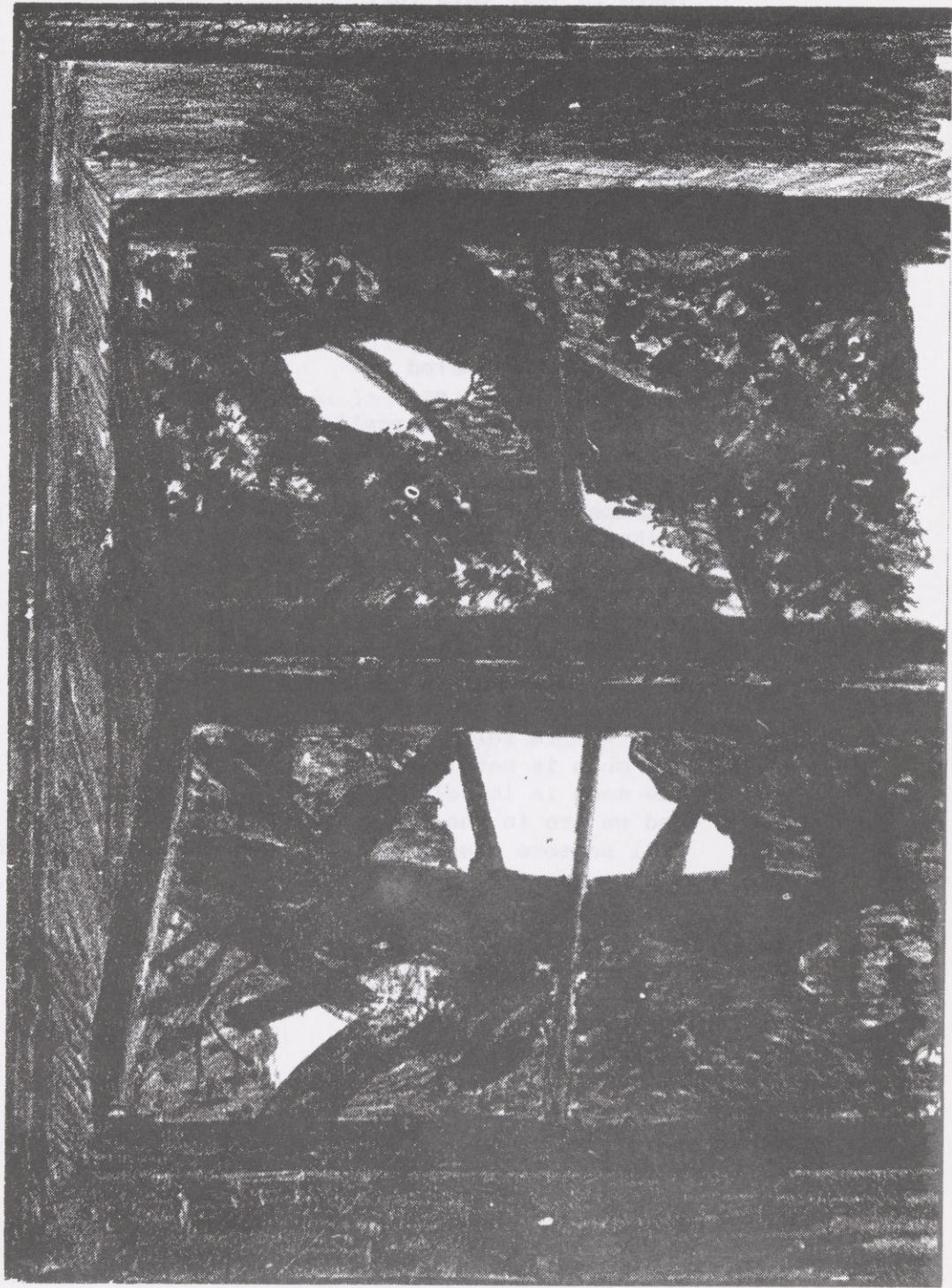
If some of it should fall apart again,
Just throw it out the window,
before it throws you
on the ground.

* * * * *

Hangin' out with the hornies
On the edge of sex.
Wherever that gets us,
I don't know,
But there we are
Just hangin' along.

-- Carol Saturensky

Carol Saturensky - drawing



ON READING KEAT'S "WHEN I HAVE FEARS"

I have fears

teeming brain

high-piled books

ripen'd brain,

I behold

cloudy symbols

Their shadows

I feel

relish

unreflecting

world

love and fame.

-- Anne Severson

MY PURPLE OVERALLS

Part 1

wish i had a moustache
so i could wear long underwear
and pick my nose and smell smelly
and sit with my legs apart and
not comb my hair and climb mountains
and get callouses all over and
drink beer and catch all the foam with it
and not care.

wish i had a pair of overalls
made out of purple blankets
so i wouldn't be cold when i
didn't wear underwear
and so i could wear hiking boots
and so i could sleep anywhere i wanted
without bringing a bedroll
and so i could squat on my heels
and so i could grow peyote in the desert
and just be odd.
and so i'll look right when i grow
my moustache.

Part 2

i waited four hours with my finger in my
bellybutton
until they were done.
i smoked a whole pack of cigarettes
and got very nervous while they were being made.
i tried to read a book and watch tv
and check on them all at once.
and when they were finished
after those four long hours
and they still didn't have buttons or
buttonholes
and i got to try them on, i wouldn't let anyone
take them away from me.
and i showed them to jon and to
keef and i showed them to carol and to jeff
and i grinned all the time i wore them.
and i wore them all nite long.

Part 3

one day when i was
dressed in my purple
overalls,
i got very drunk
and squatted on my heels
at roger's and pinched
every ass that went by.
and didn't let anyone
know it was me.
after a time and all those
asses,
i got very hungry
and went out to eat pancakes.
when i got to the restaurant
i had to go to the bathroom.
so i went.
and on the way back to the table
i stuck my hands down my pants
'cause i missed the pockets of
my purple overalls.

* * * * *

trouble trouble
lady in dress today.
fussy hair and shiny legs
always conscious of lady ways.
ah yes
trouble trouble

* * * * *

when i see the sun rise, i want to run forever with
the dawn and feel always pure and clean. then i
would never know the dirt and the fear that so
quickly drive the sun on to day and a burning death
of blackness. only to start over fresh from the
cleansing sea-bath. dawn again. i wish on dawn
forever.

-- merylee smith

Merylee Smith - drawing



THE BANKS OF THE MOON

At sixteen
I dreamed of copulation
in an apartment
on the top of Telegraph Hill
at sixteen I dreamed
of a Jaguar sedan with brown leather upholstery
at sixteen I dreamed of
sunrise and coffee and breakfast with geranium pots
at sixteen
I dreamed of women a blonde one week
a red head the next at sixteen I dreamed of
llama skin rugs and plush Oriental carpets
plate glass and terraces
martinis at six at sixteen
I dreamed of a
Barcelona chair overlooking Alcatraz
at sixteen
I dreamed of two hundred dollar suits
fourth century hand painted
Oriental teapots and
cashmere socks at sixteen
I dreamed of a Harvard education
cobblestones and red brick
and spring time picnics by the Charles
at sixteen I dreamed of long green candles
beaches and
Brigitte Bardot
at sixteen I knew Brigitte Bardot would fall for me
even though I was five years younger
at sixteen I ate fourteen figbars
and drank bitter lemon for breakfast
at sixteen I knew I was the smartest kid in the class
at sixteen I refused to read Walt Whitman
at sixteen I swore never to wear a moustache
at sixteen I thought seashells were green and
played banjo for Harry Belafonte
at sixteen I wanted to be
Elvis Presly
at sixteen I never asked to borrow the car was sure
I'd die lonely and entirely misunderstood
at sixteen I died
died three times
recovered
and
died three times more

-- Arthur Weiner

find the letters
to write the sound
the creek makes

* * * * *

I pull off my shirt
and feel the rays of the sun
sinking life into my chest

* * * * *

I've tried
I've come close
to making love to a cloud

* * * * *

CANDY BOOK GARDENS

Where the houses are
pink and yellow and sky blue

Where fences are made of chocolate
and the houses have ginger bread trim
and Rock candy is everywhere

and all the people ever do
is tell pretty stories to each other

* * * * *

I PLAYED A SONG ON HER LEGS

a song went through my head
and I tapped the rhythm
on her leg
and she sang the song
that went through my head

* * * * *

The gentle people
they never hit anybody
never yell at anybody
---not even their kids

But to release their hostilities
they fart a lot

-- G. Weltman

Fragment from SUNDAY NIGHT - Susan Wolbarst

She started talking and could not stop. And before she knew it but after it was too late to stop it she was on the subject of family problems. She thought of her family, all scattered across the country, each person trying to kill himself in his own way. Odd, that preoccupation with dying, that deliberate pursuit of it. And she puzzled them with her way of living, without a future and without death in mind. Her own death had only jumped into her mind once and she determined not to let it happen again. At the time, and this was before she had changed her life style to accomodate her head, herself, she had been considering suicide. It's hard for her to remember how serious she was about the idea. But she considered it during a coffee break at work, casually strolling out to the fire escape and stepping off, the coffee flying out of her cup (she drank it black, no sugar) as she hurtled to her death six floors below. She had smiled, at the time she had originally formulated this plan, but her smile faded as her brain switched her to a close-up of her mangled remains on the sidewalk, which were causing people in the gathering crowd to vomit. This was self-preservation, this brain reflex, and very effective, too. After that sight of her gory flesh, the pile and puddle that had once been a person, she had literally hugged herself (you hear about this in condensed novels in women's magazines) and felt glad to be alive.

But now, sitting here, death came into her mind again. Not her own, which had been banished from that realm forever, but someone's somewhere. Someone was dying right at that moment. With the world's population being what it is, this is of course true, but she had someone more specific in mind. Someone she knew was dying. Her eyes filled with tears. He looked up at her face and saw that it had gotten pale and pinched. Her thoughts were coming fast and she had not stopped talking. "Someone I know is dying now," she said. "Right now, I can tell."

"Nobody's dying, he said, but he stopped rolling joints.

"No, you don't understand. I'm psychic. I can really tell. I know some person I know is dying. It's not surprising at all. But I wonder who." Her mind quickly started racing through the faces of people near and dear to her, people she had been meaning to write to.

"Now look," he said, refusing to let the wedge fang of death tear into the waning quietude of Sunday night, "Nobody's dying." He said this very quietly. He picked up her hand and held it. "Really. I consider myself psychic too and I know nobody's dying. Just forget it."



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